

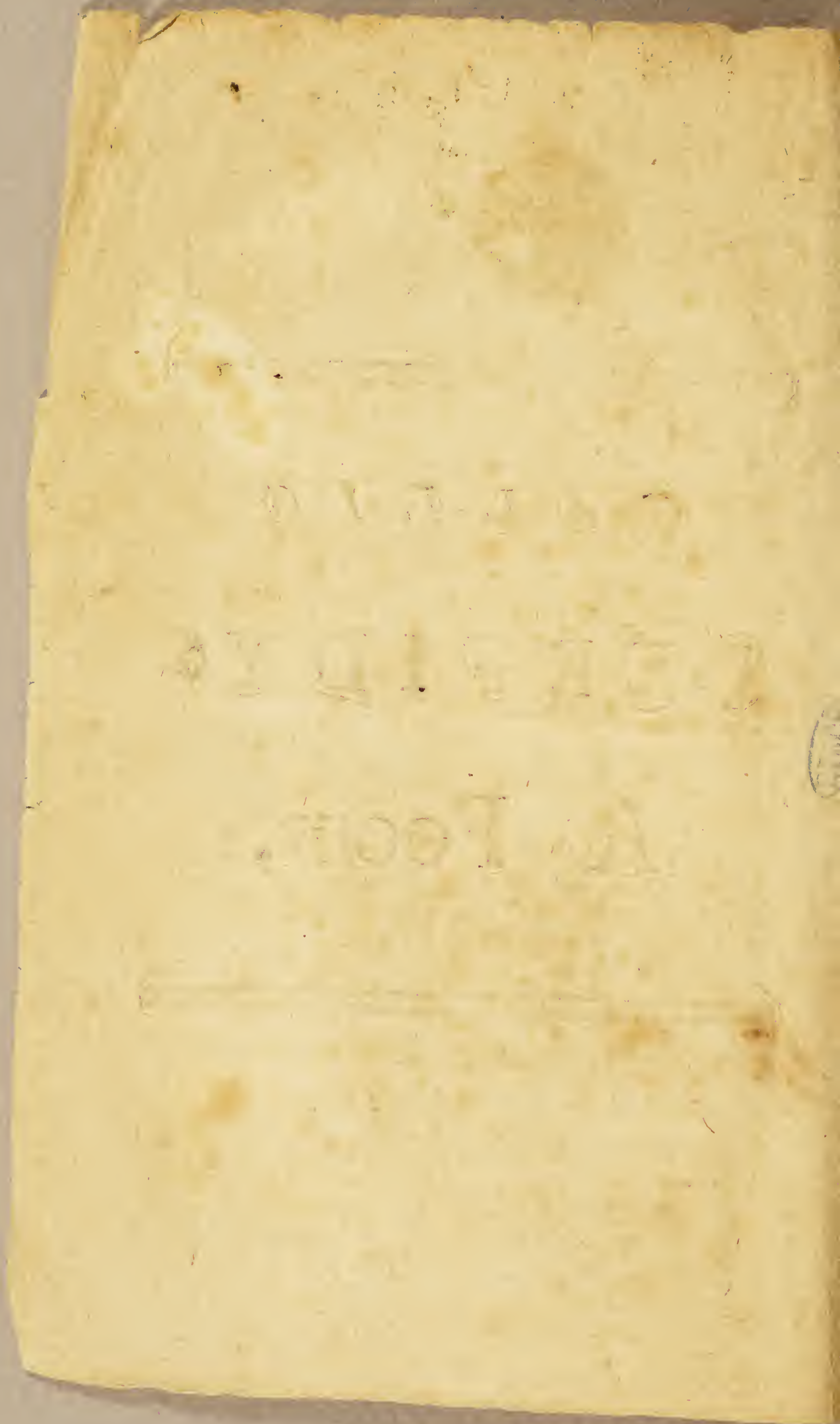
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GALLIC
PERFIDY:
A Poem.

Gallie Perfide



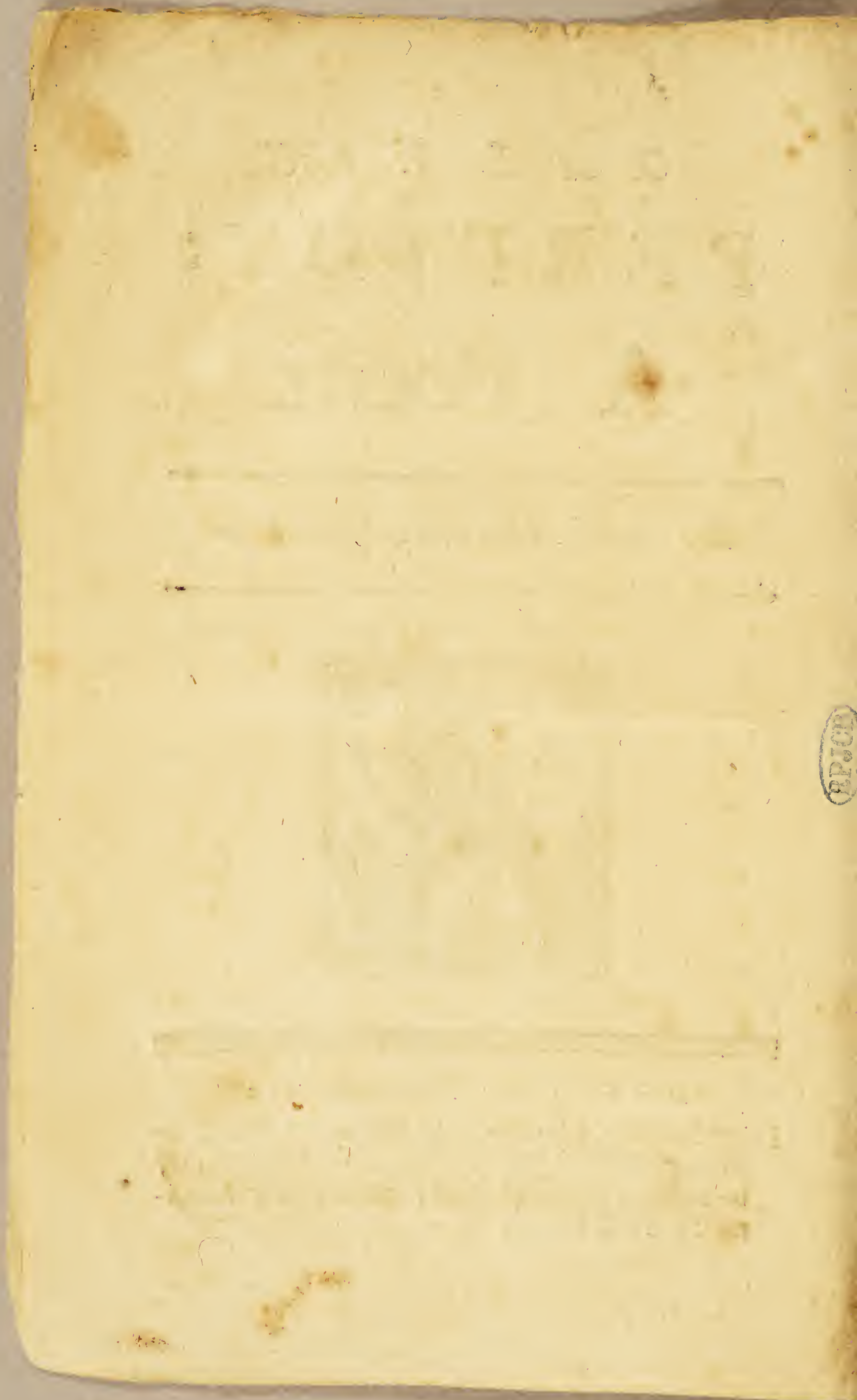
G A L L I C
P E R F I D Y :
A Poem.

By John Maylem } *Philo-Bellum.*



B O S T O N : N E W - E N G L A N D :


Printed and Sold by *Benjamin Mecom*, at The New
Printing-Office, *July 13. 1758.* ---- Where may
be had that *noted* little Book, called *Father ABRA-*
HAM'S SPEECH.





The *Argument.*

THE Subject proposed. Invocation. [M. Montcalm, the 9th of August last, with 11,000 Regulars, Canadians, and Indians, and 19 Pieces of Brass and Iron Cannon, 2 Mortars and a Hoit, invested the Garrison of William Henry and Lines adjacent, consisting of 500 regular and 1300 provincial Troops, effective; which, after eight Days Siege, capitulated.] Articles of Capitulation. Description of the Savages. Horrid Violation of the Treaty. We are overpowered and put to Flight. Pursuit. Numbers captivated. The Author taken Prisoner by the Indians. Their Behaviour to him. He embarks, with 50 Prisoners painted in Savage Order. An Indian War-Revel. Arrives at Montreal. Redeemed, with others, [by M. Vaudreil.] [An Hundred Prisoners carried to the Indian Country, that arrived before us, by another Way.] A shocking Instance of Savage Cruelty. Concludes with a hearty Address.



October 1881

At the Court of Sessions

In the case of

The People vs

John Doe

Defendant

Plaintiff

vs

The People

Prosecutors

Attorneys

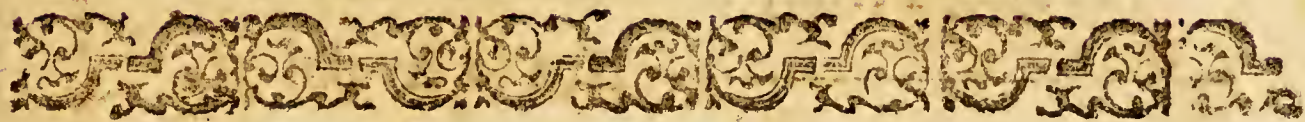
for the

People

vs

John Doe

Defendant



Gallic PERFIDY, &c.

* * * * * Who, of late, in Epic Strains essay'd,
 * ● = ● *
 * || I || * * And sung the Hero on *Acadie's* Plains,
 * ● = ● *
 * * * * * Dreadful in Arms, and Vest of *Tyrian*

[Hue,

[crown'd,

With Laurel-Wreath, and mighty Conquest

In equal Numbers still attempt to sing ;

5

But yet in rougher Strain, for softer Rhyme

Seems not adapt to this my solemn Theme.

Not how the *Gaul* and swarthy Foe approach'd,

And first assail'd the Fortrefs ; nor what pass'd

In the dread Interval of eight Days Siege :

10

I mean to sing but Breach of plighted Faith,

And Violation of the sacred Laws

Of Nature and of Nations ; with th' Event,

The dire Event and fatal Consequence,

Attendant on the Foes perfidious Breach

15

Of solemn and capitulated Terms.

Amaz-

* The Conquest of *Beau-se-jour*, by Colonels *Moncton* and
Winslow, in 1755.

8 G A L L I C P E R F I D Y.

Amazing Perfidy ! -----

----- Not to invoke
 A vulgar Muse. --- Ye Powers of Fury lend
 Some mighty Phrensy to enrage my Breast 20
 With solemn Song, beyond all Nature's Strain !
 For such the Scene of which I mean to sing.
 Enough ! I rave ! --- the Furies rack my Brain !
 I feel their Influence now inspire my Song !
 My lab'ring Muse swells with the raving God ! 25
 I feel him here ! my Head turns round ! 'twill burst !
 So have I seen a Bomb, with livid Train,
 (Emitted from a Mortar) big with Death,
 And fraught, full fraught with Hell's Combustibles,
 Lay dreadful on the Ground ; then with a Force 30
 Stupendous, shiver in a thousand Atoms !

But on, my Muse. -----

----- Scarce had the Dawn appear'd,
 And *Phoebus* rose from *Thetis'* Lap in Blood,
 Portending dreadful Scenes and Wide of Death, 35
 When now the War-worn Troops, in close Array,
 With list'ning Ear impatient wait the Sound,
 Graceful to march (pursuant to the Terms
 Capitulated with the Victor *Gaul*).

With

G A L L I C P E R F I D Y. 9

With streaming Ensigns waving in the Air, 40
And sounding Drums ; with Arms and Baggage
[fraught,

A brazen Engine big with threat'ning Death,
And lighted Match, to awe the Savage Foe ;
With large Escorts of (faithless) Troops to guard
Our destin'd Way to *Edward's* happier Plains ; 45
While we with *Gaul* nor more *offensive* War,
Nor yet in Arms our martial Vigour try,
'Till *six revolving Seasons* have expir'd.
But, Oh ! Reverse of Scenes, and Morn of Woe !

For now behold Hell's swarthy Allies dire, 50
With Visage foul, and horrid awful Grin ;
Red, black, and green besmear'd their mighty Fronts ;
With snaky Braids, and dreadful Ornament,
And pitchy Feathers platted on their Hair ;
Obscene and naked, daub'd with various Paints, 55
With Aspect dire, and fell *Canadian* Rage,
And murd'rous Shafts (Presage of awful Death !)
Like Fiends of Hell, or worse (if possible)
With fearful Yell, to raise the Hell below,
To th' Assistance of the Hell within 'em, 60
Rush on their unforewarn'd defenceless Prey.

B

And

And now the Scene of Death begins, for, Oh!
Amaz'd on every Side th' unwary Troops
Fall hapless Victims to the Savage Furies.
Hark! hark! what lamentable, Soul-fetch'd Sighs
Of dying Soldiers now invade my Ears. 66
See yonder Savage with his bloody Shaft,
Just reeking from the Heart of one more bold,
Who dar'd oppose the dread impending Stroke
Lift up to strike the suppliant Soul! who begs, 70
On bended Knee, to spare his wretched Life;
But only stoop'd to take the fatal Blow!
O Scene of Horror, black tremendous Day,
Ill-fated Hour! But, hark! again what Cries?
The Mother's Shrieks, and Father's manlier Grief,
And Childrens Screams, and Soldiers dying Groans,
Now pierce my Soul. But turn about and see, 77
O Sight of Woe! what Floods of streaming Gore
And vital Carnage spread the ample Field!
See! weltring on the sandy Shore, the Babe, 80
The harmless Babe (torn from its Mother's Arms
And dash'd, impetuous, on the Wave-worn Cliff!)

My Numbers fail me! Oh! it is too much!
But up, my Soul, and take another View.

See.

G A L L I C P E R F I D Y.

11

See, discompos'd, the naked flying Troops 85
 Afylum seek in Woods and miry Swamps ;
 On bended Knees implore the *Gallic* Aid ;
 Remind 'em of their Honour ; --- but in vain.
 The dread Pursuit begins : --- Now louder Shouts
 And hideous Screechings fill the neighb'ring Wild,
 Which echo back the Sound with fearful Horror ! 91
 The hindmost now a Victim fall, while some
 More nimble, make Afylum of the Fort ;
 While others, captiv'd by Satanic Fiends,
 Reserv'd for Pastime of their midnight Revels. 95

While thus, in awful Dread, I gaz'd around,
 Three brawny Savages, as huge as fell,
 (*Titanian* Sons, that warr'd on *Jove* of Yore) .
 With thrice three Yells, seiz'd me a hapless Captive.
 Thence hurry'd on thro' Vallies, Swamps, and o'er
 Stupendous Precipices ; then through Woods, 101
 O'er Cliffs and craggy Steeps, 'till now at length
 A dreary Waste presented to my View
 The sad Destruction of a thousand Years ;
 Here sable Pines promiscuous lay along, 105
 And thorny Brakes and miry Bogs, the Haunt
 Of hissing Serpents, and envenom'd Toads ;

It

Encladus, Imareus, Lysbon, &c.

It seem'd the solemn Exile of the damn'd :
 Hither, with awful Pace, they me conduct
 And, with terrific Menace, sat me down 110
 (But mutter'd first some hellish Charm) then with
 Extended brawny Arm, and winged Shaft,
 They thrice essay'd to fell me to the Ground ;
 And thrice the over-ruling God withheld !
 For now relenting, Oh ! stupendous Change ! 115
 One Mind had sway'd the three, with one Consent
 To spare my truly wretched Life ; but yet
 Nor suppliant Tone, nor Cry for Mercy had
 Escap'd my Tongue ; for Mercy who'd expect
 From *Cannibals* that gorge on Human Flesh, 120
 And swill, like *Polypheme*, the reeking Gore ?
 Proceed my Muse ; how they with grumb'ling Tone
 And antic Sign and Gesture bid me rise :
 I quick obey'd, and rose as from the Dead,
 (For Death inevitable seem'd my Lot) 125
 And now with rapid Pace again I move,
 But yet with lighter Heart, for heav'nly Gleam
 Of Hopes of Liberty inspir'd my Soul.

Now had we near twelve Furlongs run, when lo !
 O Life to Death ! behold again the Lake, 130

G A L L I C P E R F I D Y. 13

Ill-fated Waters, --- but to me auspicious ;
Thither we bent our Courſe and reach'd the Shore:
Sight unexpected ! --- fifty Captives there,
Beſmear'd with Paint of ſable, red, and green,
With Looks uncouth, in Savage Order ſat 135
By twenty Barks, which lay upon the Sand.
While thus I wond'ring ſtood, a fearful Screach
Hoarſe thunder'd horrid thro' the Ruſſian Croud,
Which ſcarce had echo'd from the neighb'ring Wild,
When all the fierce Banditti Force I ſaw 140
In cloſe Employ, to launch their ample Boats ;
This done, we all embark, and puſh from Land,
And ſkim the liquid Surface of the Lake,
'Till low'ring Night concludes the dreadful Day ;
But uſhers on a Scene of ten-fold Fear ! 145

For now to Land explore the duſky Way,
And, with Herculean Labour, ſtrait begin
(With ſweaty Brow) to fell the ſturdy Oak,
Which, Pile on Pile, compos'd a ſpacious Heap.
Then, from the ſolid Steel and Flint condense, 150
Extract the dormant Sparks of hidden Fire,
And ſet the Whole into a mighty Blaze :
And now the curling Flames aſcend in Spires,
And

14 G A L L I C P E R F I D Y.

And Pyramids of Smoke obscure the Stars,
 Assault the Skies, and mingle with the Clouds. 155
 Then with distorted Grin and Visage fierce,
 And solemn Howl, they move us to the Pile,
 Nor less it seem'd than antient Funeral Fire :
 But, Oh ! in every Face what wild Amaze
 Conspicuous appear'd ! and Dread of Death ! 160
 Not all that Bards in antient Fables tell
 Of *Dis's* Realm and subteraneous Vaults ;
 Sulphureous Caverns (Streaks of livid Fire)
 Where suffocating Stench assault the damn'd ;
 And ghastly Spectres glaring to the View, 165
 Speak ten-fold Horror and amazing Dread ;
 Where Hell's grim Porter, with his triple Front,
 A fell *Chimera* vomits purple Flame,
 And damned *Hydra* with his seven Heads ;
 Can seem to parallel this baleful Scene 170
 Of Dread, Astonishment, and wild Disorder !
 But yet (stupendous Love of God to Man !)
 Nor Blood was spilt, nor perish'd yet a Hair !
 For barb'rous Music struck to antic Dance, 174
 And hoarse Powaws conclude the dreadful Night.

Seven Days and Nights of Horror thus pass'd o'er
 Our Heads ; when lo ! O Soul-reviving Sight !
 The

G A L L I C P E R F I D Y. 15

The eighth, as we pursue our wonted Course,
See all *Montreal* open to our View ;
Where sovereign Liquor bought our Liberty ;
But yet not all, for still in Savage Bands, 181
An hundred hapless Captives now remain.

Nor must omit how, on *Montreal* Plains,
Th' inhuman Banditti (in drunken Mood) 185
Ript up the Bowels of a Prisoner ;
Then, with extended Jaw, the beating Heart
(Yet warm with parting Life) voracious swallow'd !
And swallow'd the Blood, and revell'd on the Carcase !

O Chief in War ! of all (young) *Albion's* Force,
Invest me only with SUFFICIENT Power ; 191
I (yet a Boy) will play the Man, and chase
The wily Savage from his secret Haunts ;
Not Alpine Mounts shall thwart my rapid Course ;
I'll scale the Craggs, then, with impetuous Speed,
Rush down the Steep, and scow'r along the Vale ;
Then on the Sea-Shore halt ; and last, explore
The green Meanders of eternal Wood ! 198

JOHN MAYLEM.

March 10. 1758.

